

It presents in front a noble colonnade of six lofty pillars surmounted by their graceful capitals and elegant entablature; all resting upon a most substantial and beautiful stylobate, made of granite, and passing under the whole porch and along the sides of the edifice, so as to furnish an easy ascent into the lofty and tasteful windows which reach the floor within. The floor of the Porch and of the long Hall within, we noticed, is in mosaic of alternating squares of blue and white marble—also the production of our own country, so rich in mineral resources.

The large Hall above—the scene of the interesting exercises of the day—is a spacious and elegant room, measuring 50 feet by 40, and in height 14 feet. Its furniture, too, we observed, is elegant and most appropriate.

Another point to which attention should be called, not only in justice to those who planned this building, but also for the benefit of those who are hereafter to construct buildings for the accommodation of large numbers—we allude to the ventilation of the large room, and indeed of the whole building. It was the admiration of the large audience assembled on so warm a day for so long a time that the air seemed so fresh, pure and cool at the close as at the commencement of the exercises.

In a word, the edifice is most perfect in its design, large and commodious, admirably adapted to the uses for which it is purposed, and we are no doubt safe in saying, it is unsurpassed in beauty by any building devoted to religious purposes in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, if in the Commonwealth.

After the exercises at the Chapel a large number of the friends of the institution participated of a collation, by invitation of the Principal. This Institution is an honor and a blessing to Pittsfield, and to the whole State.

B. M.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.—The Christian life may be compared to a magnificent column whose summit always points to heaven. The innocent and therefore real pleasures of this world are the ornaments of the column—very beautiful and highly to be enjoyed when the eye is near, but which should not too long, or too frequently detain us from that just distance where we can contemplate the whole column, and where the ornaments on its base disappear.

THE REFLECTOR.

THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1847.

Perils of the Season.

Every period and relation of life, each season of the year, each new condition in which Providence places us, has dangers to the soul peculiar to itself. Satan has been significantly termed 'the god of this world.' He knows well 'how to use all its ever varying phases and allurements, so as to win to himself the hearts of the children of men.'

'The minds of those that believe not,' he blinds. The minds of those that claim to believe, he robs himself to seduce. When off their guard, when drawn into the deep whirlpools of business, or into the syren notes of pleasure, he then successfully plays his arts. The soul of the child of light, ere almost he is aware, is alienated from sweet fellowship with Him who once was 'the chief among ten thousand.' How easy is it, even after the feet have found their way into the narrow path, to depart from 'a close walk with God.'

The perils that ever wait upon the steps of the Christian, are peculiar to the present season of the year. If closely confined to business, there is a peril of the weather, that tempts him through the weeds, and into which entanglements, and monopolizes with more than wonted power, the sacred hours of the Sabbath. It is well indeed if the flame of devotion does not burn with low and languid heat—it is well if it is not extinguished.

But why should we simply say it is well? All other claims are now met as at other seasons. It may require more energy to do this, but then there is a readiness, if the case require it, to put forth more energy. O why should it not be so in the things of religion? It may be at our infinite peril if we suffer our exertions here to be relaxed; and the kingdom of heaven, that now, as in the beginning, suffereth violence, which the violent or energetic take by force, may fall through apathy to take, and may lose forever! God has given his people no license to slumber at any time. If any have sunk into so perilous a condition, his voice, as he speaks in his word, may be heard, piercing the clouds, and striking on the dustiest ear. Awake thou that sleepest.

To those who seek recreation or pleasure, the season has special perils. It is true that in the country

There is a soothing harmony
Among the whispering trees,
There is a joyous melody
Which floats upon the breeze.

This is health alike to the body and spirit, to drink in freely and enjoy. God has made the broad temple of nature for man to walk forth in, to view the impress and to adore the hand that formed it. If the meditations of the soul are devout, dwelling on the divine and beautiful in all that Deity does, soaring to him in all the inspiration with which he surrounds himself in his works, then may the present season be welcomed as a holiday of the spirit.

The blessing of the sleep is heard,
The tone of whispering trees,
The carol of the mountain bird,
In chorus with and free.

The love of God which all pervades,
O'er mountain high and lonely shades.

Let the spirit which kindles at the sight of God in nature, that so animated the sweet Psalmist of Israel, be that of the Christian who now travels into the country, and he will return, if a prosperous journey by the will of God, be given him, refreshed in the inner, not less than in the outer man.

The season has peculiar perils to those who visit great watering-places and fashionable resorts. Vanity Fair now holds court in those places. Whatever can allure the eye, charm the sense, drown reflection, and destroy the soul, is at hand. 'The Prince of the Power of the Air' is not far distant. The gilded baits that he drops around, are thick as the leaves of autumn. He will not fail of drawing many a professed Christian into his net. How natural for the believer to think that while within the enclosure of such a place, he has a license to walk 'according to the course of this world.' But let him beware. By all that allures to brighter worlds, and by all that would rob him of an eternal crown, let him beware! Ever now be the lines of an immortal poet graven on his mind—

The pleasure that allure the sense,
Are dangerous more than pleasures seem.

associated with these impressive words of Holy Writ.—Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man

love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.

The English Factory System.

There has been placed on our table a small volume which treats of the laboring classes of England, those especially who are employed in agriculture and manufactures. It consists of a series of letters, by an Englishman. The book also contains 'A Voice from the Factories,' a poem in serious verse. The work embodies a thrilling appeal as founded upon the experience and a personal observation of facts, on the part of the author, who, after being rendered a cripple for life by the monstrous servitude to which his early years were subjected, was engaged by a British nobleman to make investigations that should somewhat illustrate the evils of the English Factory system.

The author, in his introduction, makes the following classification of the English community. He says:

'In a country like America, where all men, in the eye of the law, are equal, it is extremely difficult for the majority of readers to comprehend the real position of the laboring classes, in countries under a monarchical and aristocratic government. It is necessary, therefore, to understand what is meant by "classes." For the information of such readers, it may be proper to say a few words upon this subject.

English society may be conveniently divided into eight classes:

1. *The Royal Family.*—Under this general term are comprehended all who are of the blood royal.

2. *The Nobility.*—In this class we have Archbishops, Bishops, Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Viscounts, Barons, &c. They are commonly denominated 'the upper ten thousand.'

3. *The Millionaires.*—Commonly called 'the vulgar rich.' This class comprehends a great number of individuals who have amassed immense wealth by manufactures, commerce, railroad speculations, &c.

4th. This class is composed of the clergy, professional gentlemen, merchants, tradesmen, &c. The gentlemen composing this class, with the exception of the higher order of the clergy of all denominations, are well remunerated for their services, perhaps better than a similar class in any other country on the globe.

5th. This class is composed of the mechanics, known as 'skilled laborers,' (from their being obliged to pay large fees, and to serve an apprenticeship of seven years to the trade which they follow,) shopkeepers, &c., compose this class. Generally speaking, they are an industrious and intelligent class, and are sufficiently remunerated for their services to enable them to bring up their families in a respectable manner, and to lay by something for the comforts of old age.

6th. This class comprehends a great number of individuals who are living by the 'sweat of their brow,' but who are not required to serve seven years at their trade or calling. Manufacturing agricultural, and many other kinds of laborers, composed of this class. This class is a hard-working, ill-paid, and ill-used set of human beings; frequently dying of every symptom of premature decay, at from 25 to 30 years of age.

Each individual is compelled to pay taxes to the government, the taxes being levied upon their provisions, clothing, furniture, &c. They are also compelled to obey upwards of 1500 laws, without having a voice in making or amending one. Their appeals to Parliament by petition, are scarcely ever listened to unless accompanied by some of the 'privileged' classes. It is to this class my observations in this work principally apply.

7th. *The Pauper.*—Of this class there is known to be in Great Britain and Ireland, 4,000,000 of individuals, of all ages and both sexes. It may be said of them, that they have lost all their integrity, and that they are a curse to the community.

8th. This is a class who have lost what the class above will not admit to be worth much as laborers, but who are not recognized as men of existence, but live by their wits upon the property of others. This class, gamblers, prostitutes, and the like, are of this class.

The outlines of these several classes are broad and well defined; there are, however, some peculiarities common to two or more classes. Thus, we couple together classes 1 and 2, we shall have a mass of individuals commonly known as the 'head,' and following the same rule with 7 and 8, we get what we call the 'tail' society.

The first four may be called 'privileged classes,' and the last four non-privileged classes. The first class is the most privileged, and the last class the least. The second class is the most honored, and the last class the most despised. The third class is the most useful, and the last class the most idle. The fourth class is the most virtuous, and the last class the most vicious.

The extract that follows, will bring to view somewhat of the painful personal experience of the writer, rendering him a more competent witness of the matters which with a considerable degree of particularity he details.

He states that—

'When first he was sent to the factories, being but 5 years and 9 months old, he was too short to reach the top of the frame that he was set to work on; he was too small to be given him a pair of boots, in order that he might be enabled to go to his work. The hours which he was obliged to work were from 5 o'clock in the morning till half past 7 in the evening; with one hour and a half for meals, with 13 working hours for 5 days, and 9 on Saturday. For this employment he received 25 cents the first week, and 30 cents the second, which rate he continued for several months, when his wages were advanced to 40 cents per week.

The little fellow could not at this early period of his life be supposed to be worth much as a laborer, and probably the small amount here mentioned was the full value of his services; be this as it may, the punishment to him arising from standing so many hours without being permitted to sit down was very severe, and ought never to be required of children for such a pittance or in short, under any circumstances. He continued to increase in his qualifications and was several times advanced, till at fourteen years of age, having then been 8 years in the factories, he was capable of earning 75 cents per week, which was a little more than the average for children of his age. During these 8 years he went through a series of unintermitted, unmitigated suffering, such as rarely falls to the lot of mortals, and early in life he was afflicted with a disease which he could not have endured had he not been strong and of a good constitution.

At the age of 9 or 10, his limbs began to show symptoms of giving way, under the excessive fatigue to which he was subjected. He constantly complained of weariness, pains in the knees and ankles, and was ever ready to sit himself down in the factory, on the road, or in almost any place, whenever and wherever an opportunity presented itself, even for half a minute.

Every precaution was taken that the humble means of his widowed mother would permit, to prevent her favorite, her only boy, from being made a cripple; but in vain. Oils, flannels, bandages, strengthening plasters and mixtures, were incessantly applied; and every thing but the right one (viz. taking him from the work,) were one by one tried, rejected, and abandoned. In defiance of all these remedies, he became from excessive labor, a confirmed cripple for life. His knees gave way and he was unable to walk without the aid of a stick, thus forming a kind of arch for the support of the body. At 12 years of age he was the easiest position in the world could stand, with his feet about 12 inches apart, his knees resting as above, with the centre of gravity crowning the thigh and leg bones and falling within the feet.

The following paragraph contains a fearful comment on the moral influence exerted over much of the factory life of England, in which the author himself was involved:

'The school in which he was thus placed was anything but favorable to a life of morality. Under the same roof were more than 100 children and young persons of both sexes, going together in the morning, associating with each other through the day, returning again in the evening, with no moral restraint on their actions, to example set them worthy of imitation. On the contrary, low, vulgar, brutal language, swearing, singing immoral songs, and acts of gross indecency, were not only tolerated, but in many instances actually countenanced and encouraged. A factory conducted thus was not a very desirable place to train up a child in, and many a time did I give

the heart of his mother to hear him, in answer to her inquiries as to how he had come by a bruise or cut on the head or back, tell her he had been beat by the overlooker or spinner, and how he would kill him if he did not work faster. Anxious to do the will of his friends for some more vile employment for her boy; but on account of his deformity, which had become now quite conspicuous, none could be found.'

We could make further extracts from the harrowing recitals with which the work is replete, had we room. It will, we are persuaded, be widely procured and read, and will operate as a remedy against similar evils that are in danger of springing up among ourselves.

We rejoice to believe that the attention now directed to the grievous wrongs of the productive classes in England, is working for their amelioration.

The plea so often made that England cannot consistently rebuke American slavery, while evils so flagrant exist within her own borders, does not appear to us well founded. The truth is, that those who desire the abolition of slavery there are here in general, the enemies of whatever tends to crush humanity. Anti-slavery Englishmen have no apologies, we suspect, to offer in behalf of the enormous abuses of the factory system of that country.

For ourselves we would cherish a sympathy with man in all the circumstances and conditions in which he is made to pine and bleed and languish.

But we had nearly forgotten to state that the work which treats of a subject of so great practical interest, is published by John Putnam, 51 Cornhill, and may be had of the author, at No. 53 North Vernon Avenue. It pains us to learn that the late fire in that Avenue, has added much to the distresses in which his past life has been so eventful.

A Funeral from the Battle Field.

A funeral procession, fitted to impress the hardest heart with the solemnities and the horrors of the battle field, was seen in our city on Thursday morning last. This included the late public obsequies in memory of the late Captain George Lincoln, son of Ex-Gov. Lincoln, who fell in the battle of Haverhill, Vt., thus do the funeral, the coffin, the grave, all the associations of memory linking itself to the past, with all the vacancy of the present, come in to pall the glories of splendid, awful victory. Let us remember how many occasions were created by that one battle for similar processions, for the mingling of the same memories, for the rushing forth of the same deep sympathies. War is ever thus to those bereaved by such a war as a genuine alleviation! How dreadful that noble, misguided lives should thus forever perish!

Our readers will be interested in reading the order of the services on the day referred to, which we copy from one of our evening papers.

'At an early hour in the morning the body, enclosed in double coffins, was placed in the Mayor and Aldermen's room. The sword and military cap of the deceased rested on the coffin. At 8 o'clock, the Mayor delivered an address to the officers of the Boston Regiment, and many of the officers of the Army, Navy, and Revenue service. The officers of the Army, Navy, and Revenue service, Militia, and non-commissioned officers and privates of the City Companies, all marching in the inverse order of their ranks.

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A Trip to Maine.

We have made a flying visit to the State of Maine—for the first time, have glanced at its rock-bound coasts—glided along one of its beautiful rivers—and looked over vast areas of its undulating surface from the high places of its strength. This visit was alike agreeable and unexpected. Meeting a Boston merchant—a man whose success in this mart of trade has been scarcely less than his indomitable enterprise—a man to whose politeness and generosity we were previously indebted—he surprised us with a pressing invitation to join him, at his own expense, in a visit to his native town. We had scarcely decided on an affirmative answer, before his horse and chaise were on board the steamer, and the arrangements completed for a week of ruralizing we knew not where, excepting that it was in that indefinitely wide region known as 'down east.' At the close of a hot summer's day, the 'Charter Oak' left the city three hills in its smoke and dust, but bore us away, amid beautiful isles and refreshing breezes, toward the wide and open sea. We had a fine night and a rapid passage. At 5 o'clock the following morning, we looked out and saw on either side long ribs of solid rock partially covered with vegetation. We learned that we had already entered the Kennebec river. An hour afterward, we passed a handsome town on the left which we were told was Bath. Its churches and its shipping indicate both the religious character and the commercial enterprise of its population. The latter, we were told, is increasing. At eight o'clock we reached Gardiner, a thriving town, which lies partly on a hill and partly below the hill, on the western bank of the river. It has large stores, and tasteful dwelling-houses, and four or five churches, one of which—the Episcopal—is a large and handsome edifice of stone, with a steeple built of the same material. Here we left the steamer, whose destination was Hallowell, four miles farther up the river. We had received on board of this vessel excellent fare and the most polite attentions. Her chief officer, Capt. Bryant, was both a skillful navigator and a true gentleman. We had the pleasure of meeting him afterward, with his accomplished lady, in Gardiner, and consuming an acquaintance in the parlor which had been

auspiciously commenced on the deck of the steamer. Our guide and companion was met at the wharf by a friend, in whose family and with whose relatives we remained till the day following, enjoying the most bountiful hospitalities, and cementing new friendships by cheerful and congenial intercourse.

The next day we visited Hallowell, and Augusta, the capital. Both these towns are situated like Gardiner and Bath on the west bank of the Kennebec, and they are but two miles apart. There is in each a considerable share of business. Evidence of thrift and prosperity, of comfort and refinement, met us at every turn; and we were compelled to admit that 'down east' appears to be as near the centre of civilization, when one gets there, as regions located farther south and west. At Hallowell we saw our old friend, the Rev. Mr. Field, pastor of the Baptist church in that place, and formerly of Methuen, Ms. His house of worship, a spacious, good-looking edifice, is undergoing repairs. Our interview was very brief, but exceeding pleasant; and we were gratified with an introduction to two of his deacons, who claimed our acquaintance because they had for years been readers of the 'Christian Reflector.' At Augusta, we visited the State House, and looked in upon the Legislature, which is now in session. The House was engaged in discussing a bill allowing disbelievers in the existence of the Supreme Being, to testify in Courts of Justice; their testimony to be given not on oath, but as a solemn affirmation, and they being subject like us to the penalty of perjury. The last speech was made by a fluent, youthful-looking gentleman, and was an earnest defence of the bill, on which the yeas and nays were taken while we were present, and somewhat to our surprise the bill was passed by a considerable majority. So in Maine, a Christian's testimony is not received unless given on oath, but the mere assertion of an infidel is allowed to be true unless it can be disproved.—We were somewhat surprised to see a dozen gentlemen in different parts of the representatives' seats sitting with their hats on; perhaps, however, they were Quakers, and had a conscience about it. Conscience, by the way, has a much wider sphere than some who assume to be philosophers are aware. It is not merely the faculty to decide between right and wrong, but as one of its sturdy adherents once defined it, 'something in here that says I won't.' What the human will is, is another question.

The State House stands on a hill, fronting the river, and overlooks one of the finest landscapes in the country. It is built of granite, in nearly the same style of architecture as the State House in Boston. Opposite, on the other side of the river, is the Insane Hospital, another spacious granite edifice, which reflects honor upon the State. The upper part of Augusta is exceedingly pleasant, its neat dwelling-houses being shaded with noble trees, and rendered doubly attractive by their spacious yards and gardens. There are two Baptist churches in Augusta; of the first, the Rev. Mr. Kallach is pastor; of the second, Rev. J. W. Sawyer.

At an early hour in the morning the body, enclosed in double coffins, was placed in the Mayor and Aldermen's room. The sword and military cap of the deceased rested on the coffin. At 8 o'clock, the Mayor delivered an address to the officers of the Boston Regiment, and many of the officers of the Army, Navy, and Revenue service. The officers of the Army, Navy, and Revenue service, Militia, and non-commissioned officers and privates of the City Companies, all marching in the inverse order of their ranks.

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rate of nine hundred per day. These are of about twenty different kinds, for almost as many different purposes, being used in the west and south for corn and the different kinds of grain, as well as for grass. Good buildings have been erected for these operations, and a flourishing village has rapidly grown up around them. The proprietor, Mr. Dunn, is a man of great energy and enterprise, as his achievement and success abundantly prove. He had invited the Governor and members of the Legislature to visit the establishment, and partake of a dinner, the second day after our visit; and the same invitation was pressed upon the gentleman we accompanied with ourselves, but we were compelled to decline it. Of the quality of the scythes there can be no doubt. They have been adjudged the best by the American Institute in New York; and on this judgment a silver medal has been awarded to the proprietor.

From North Wayne we came to Wayne, some three miles below. In this village is a Baptist church, whose pastor is the Rev. Joshua Millet, author of the History of Maine. We were sorry to learn that his voice has failed, and ill health has occasioned his temporary absence. Having partaken of a good dinner at a temperance hotel, we returned to Winthrop. We formed, while here, several most agreeable acquaintances, and received the kindest attentions. We left the place regretting that we could not pass another week, where the skies are so blue, the fields so green, the air so invigorating, the faces so smiling, and the hearts so full of sympathy and good will. Returning to Gardiner, by a more direct route, we passed another night with the friends who before entertained us, and the next morning made with them a pleasant excursion to 'Togus Mineral Spring,' a new watering place, some five miles east of the river. But we must omit our notice of this till another letter, having already exceeded the limits of a letter.

We came back to Boston by the 'Charter Oak,' making a quick and delightful passage, and reflecting, with gratitude to our Almighty Benefactor, on a week of journeyings and visitings without a single accident or one unpleasant scene. May we live to visit Maine again.

H. A. G.

Important to Teachers.

AND THOSE IN WANT OF THEM.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Will you permit me to call the attention of school committees, and other friends of education, to the fact that an agency has been established, the office of which is at No. 1 Tremont Place, near the Tremont House, Boston, for the purpose of supplying Teachers, of either sex, and any required qualifications, to schools, seminaries, or families, in any part of the United States. At this office a Register is kept of the names, residence, and testimonials of ladies and gentlemen who may be candidates for employment, in any department of instruction; and another Register of those who are in want of teachers. It is the object of this agency to collect and communicate to the parties interested, all attainable information on the subject of their respective applications. Those wishing to obtain employment as educators, are respectfully invited to apply at this office, either personally, or by letter, and present the testimonials of their character, attainments, and experience, or other qualifications. These testimonials should be explicit and particular, and left to be filed in the office, for reference. Those wishing to obtain employment, are expected to describe the locality of their school, the probable number of their scholars, the branches of learning to be taught, the amount of remuneration to be allowed, and all other particulars of moment to the candidate for employment.

The demand for teachers of good qualifications is so great, and the difficulties in the way of obtaining them so numerous, especially in the Southern and Western States, that an agency of this character is greatly needed. The agent, Mr. Whitcomb, appears to be well fitted for the office, and has received numerous strong testimonials of approval from gentlemen of intelligence and influence, among whom are some well known and tried friends of education.

J. B.

Sekonit.

There are few passages, more truly elevating and sublime than that, in which Dr. Johnson exhibits his feelings, when visiting John Kirk by Iona, the burying-place of the Scottish monarchs, from Fergus to Macbeth. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the present, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us to indifference and unmoved by any ground, which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

Sekonit, to adopt the more ancient spelling, is quite as euphonious as Johnkilt; but, if we drop the Indian title of King Philip's time, and adopt the present name, there is nothing, that savors of romance, in 'Little Compton.' Yet, in the little burial-ground there, the passage above recited occurred to my memory. Here is the resting-place of the celebrated Col. Benjamin Church, the vanquisher of King Philip. The inscription on the tablet is still legible, though one hundred and thirty years old. Col. Church died, in consequence of a fall from his horse, A. D. 1717, at the age of 78.

Not far from the grave of Col. Church are the remains of Mrs. Elizabeth Peabody, or Paybody, as it was often spelt. She died in the same year, aged 94. Her father was John Alden, one of the pilgrims of 1620. Her mother was Priscilla Mullins, the daughter of William, another of the pilgrims. Priscilla Mullins was of a pleasant humor; for, when John

